

ranks to let the flying vanguard
through, now
reformed and charged upon Roger's
second line
as it followed in the wake of the first
onset. But
they too could not endure the weight of
the King's
cavalry, and were giving way when
Rainulf, lance
in hand, launched his main force of five
hundred
knights from the flank upon the King's
front lines,
disordered by the charge.

This turned the tide of fortune. The
successive
shocks of the Count's right and left
squadrons
charging in after him completed the
effects of
his onset; the royalists reeled and
gave way.
Rainulf's knights having broken their
lances drew
their swords; Rainulf, a born fighter,
rushed deep
into the melee, furious as a hungry lion;
his hand-
play was so vigorous that a blow of his
dagger
struck upon the helmet of an
opponent hurled
him from his horse. The Prince of
Capua's cav-
alry rallied; the double onset was too
much for
the royalists' vanguard; they broke,
and in their
flight swept away the reserves. Roger
made a
desperate effort to stem the rout;
seizing a lance he
rode among the flying ranks crying,
"Here is the
King." The royal name had no magic;
and see-
ing that the disaster was irrevocable he
turned his

horse away from the field, and rode
hard for
Salerno. Four knights only were with
him;
Rainulf followed hard behind. At
sunset the
King galloped into Salerno, and the
gates were
slammed behind him in the face of the
pursuers.
It was Rainulf's victory and it was
complete.